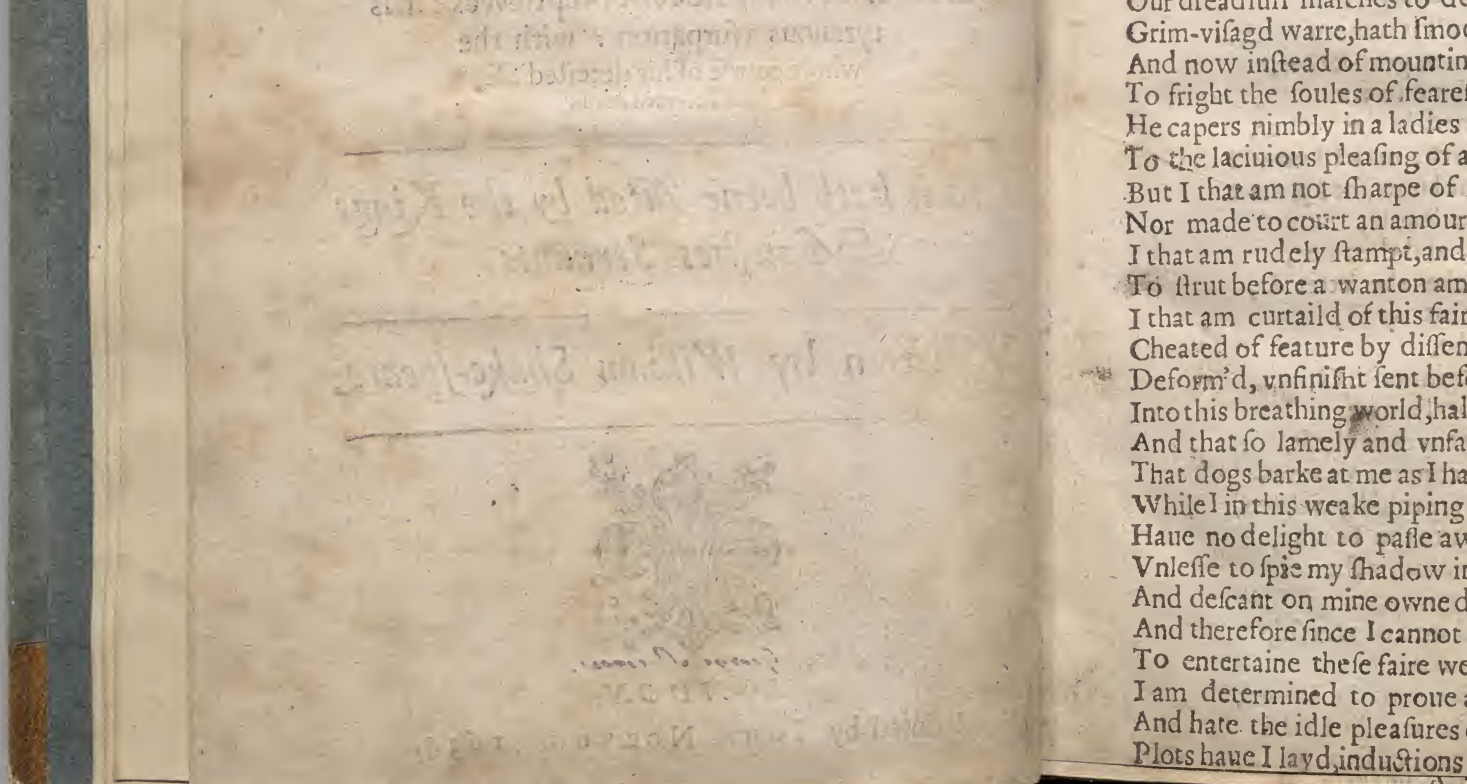

Enter Richard Duke

NOw is the winter of
Made glorious ſum
And all the clouds
In the deepe bowe
Now are our browes bound
Our bruiſed armes hung vp fo
Our ſterne alarums chang'd t
Our dreadfull marches to de
Grim-viſagd warre, hath ſmoo
And now inſtead of mountin
To fright the ſoules of feare
He capers nimbly in a ladies
To the laciuious pleaſing of a
But I that am not ſharpe of
Nor made to court an amour
I that am rudely ſtampt, and
To ſtrut before a wanton am
I that am curtaild of this fair
Cheated of feature by diſſem
Deform'd, vnfiniſht ſent bef
Into this breathing world, hal
And that ſo lamely and vnfa
That dogs barke at me as I ha
While I in this weake piping
Haue no delight to paſſe aw
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow i
And deſcant on mine owne d
And therefore ſince I cannot
To entertaine theſe faire we
I am determined to proue
And hate the idle pleaſures
Plots haue I layd, inductions